

"Scrivener-like!" said the tree-toad,
— "I've twitted for rain all day;
And I got up soon,
And hollered till noon—
But the sun just blazed away,
Till I pitched down in a crawfish-hole,
Wary at heart and sick at soul!"

"I dozed away for an hour,
And I tackled the thing agin,—
And I sung and sung,
Till I knowed my lung
Was fust about give in;
And then, thinks I, if it don't rain now,
There's nothin' in singin' anyhow!"

"Once-in-a-while some farmer
Would come a-drivin' past,
And he'd hear my cry,
And stop and sigh,
Till I just laid back at last,
And I hollered rain till I thought my throat
Would bust wide open at every note!"

"But I fetched her! O I fetched her!—
'Cause a little while ago—
As I kindo' sat
With one eye shut,
And a singin' soft and low,
A voice dropped down on my pained brain
Sayin',— 'If you'll just hush, I'll rain!' "

— John C. Walker.



WRITE THE ADDRESS ON THIS SIDE-THE MESSAGE ON THE OTHER



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